An Excellent

New BALLAD.

Tune of King *John* and the Abbot of *Canterbury*.

THO' *Ovid* has given us ſo many Relations
Of Whimſical Changes and odd Transformations,
His Tales may be falſe, they were told long ago,
Hear a Tale that is true, a Tale *tout nouveau*.
Derry down, down, &c.

It is of a Knight, and a Lawyer beſide,
(If you grant him the laſt, which by moſt is deny'd,)
A *M——ſea* J—ge, and a Juſtice of Peace,
King's Council, and who in the *Duchy* takes Place.
Derry, &c.

This Knight, of ſo many Employments poſſeſt,
With ſuch eminent Honours and Dignities bleſt,
One would think was content; but Times are ſo bad,
Like a broken Diſtiller, he takes a new Trade.
Derry, &c.

In the Grand Cavalcade, to attend the Dead Queen,
It was order'd, that none but high Rank ſhould be ſeen;
The Knight thought himſelf in this Order included,
But he found, to his Sorrow, he only intruded.
Derry, &c.

For, when dreſt *à-la-mode*, with a Countenance big,
Very fond of himſelf, in a Learned Long Wig,
As a proper Attendant, he offer'd to wait,
He was told 'twas too ſoon to admit him *as yet*. *
Derry, &c.

For that none but the *Twelve*, and the *Chancellor* were
Proper Perſons with Barons and Dukes to appear.
Is it ſo, quoth the Knight, alack! and alas!
When ſhall I be a Judge? 'tis a delicate Place!
Derry, &c.

But thoſe who had ſeen him in *Weſtminſter-hall*,
Could not be deceived, the Change was ſo ſmall;
What's the Colour of Gowns, when the *Taper* betrays
The Noſegay with which he ſo prettily plays?
Derry, &c.

Diſguis'd like himſelf had a Criminal been,
Brought before him, ſuſpected of evil Deſign,
He had, on the *Black Act*, without Mainprize or Bail,
Committed poor *Culprit* to *Bridewell* or Jail.
Derry, &c.

Make the Caſe but his own, at your Folly he'd laugh,
And would *Quaſh ſuch an Order*, and *Quibbling get off*,
He's not *meant by the Act*, he'd make it full clear,
His Veſtment was *White*, nothing *Black* did appear.
Derry, &c.

But yet, in my Judgment, the *Plea* can't be *good*,
For if the Diſguiſe be well underſtood,
White, Emblem of *Inn'cence* wou'd plainly appear,
The *propereſt Mask* that a *Lawyer* can wear.
Derry, &c.

Some ſay he is *proud*; but 'tis *humble*, I think,
To deſcend from a J—ge to *carry a Link*:
But if he is paid in his own Occupation,
'Tis good to get Money in any Vocation.
Derry, &c.

Some ſay, that from *Paupers* he would not take Pay,
Sufficiently pleaſed his Parts to diſplay:
And that, for *Admittance*, *Colt-Money* he paid,
'Tis a general Cuſtom in ev'ry *New-Trade*.
Derry, &c.

But moſt People ſay, that it was but a *Treat*,
To have him amongſt them the Honour was great:
Beſides, as all griev'd for the Death of the Queen,
They wanted a *Subject* to laugh off the *Spleen*.
Derry, &c.

Vex'd at Heart, that he could not there ſtrut it in State,
He reſolv'd to look on, and learn to be Great.
Thus Gameſters, whoſe Money and Credit are gone,
Stand behind others Chairs, looking *fillily* on.
Derry, &c.

To be *One in the Anthem* his Int'reſt he us'd,
Such an eminent Knight could not be refus'd;
Such a Man as the Knight in the Choir might been needed,
For perhaps he could *Sing* as well as he *Pleaded*.
Derry, &c.

Attended by *B——ch*, who is ne'er out of Breath,
In prowling for Corpſes, and hunting for Death:
An *Hireling of Sorrow* begot him, 'tis ſaid,
For he always looks *diſmal*, and *fit* for the Trade.
Derry, &c.

In *Surplices* clad, 'mongſt the Muſical Bands,
They march'd in Proceſſion. with Lights in their Hands;
Like the Jaye in the Fable, each cock'd up his Crown,
And ſtrutted with Ornaments none of his own.
Derry, &c.

Sir *T—mas*'s Pipe was ſo charming and clear,
That ſome People thought *Seneſino* was there:
He warbled ſo well, ſome Arch-Rogues did avow,
'Twou'd be right, if, like him, he was *qualify'd* too.
Derry, &c.

Had you ſeen how Erect and Majeſtick he was,
You wou'd ſay he as well his *New Station* did grace,
As the *Bench*, when he ſtrove moſt *adroit* to appear,
When his Wife and his Child came to ſee him ſit there.
Derry, &c.

To thoſe who had ſeen him to *Temple*-Church go,
With Gait moſt erect, and in Majeſty ſlow:
Four Men at his Tail (Four Men of his own)
Thus clad in a *Surplice*, he had not been known.
Derry, &c.

For a Frolick ſo odd the true Cauſe to aſſign,
Wou'd puzzle ſome Heads, but it won't puzzle mine;
Tho' his Friends, to excuſe him, made this a Pretence,
That the Government then had juſt ſeiz'd *Common Senſe*.
Derry, &c.

Yet I venture to ſay, the true Cauſe I have hit,
(To me it is plain) by *B——ch* he was bit:
The Truth, I'm afraid, will appear very ſoon,
We need only wait till the *Change of the Moon*.
Derry, &c.

And now to conclude this comical Farce,
I wiſh *B——ch* may always ſtick cloſe to his A-ſe.
Of their Gowns at the Bar both ought to be ſtript,
As they acted like Boys, both like Boys ſhould be whipt.
Derry, &c.

* *N. B.* He is at preſent treating with a certain J——ge, to reſign in his Favour.

(Price Two-pence.)

316023